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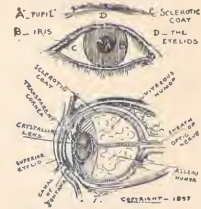
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HETUCK

Vol. III

NEWARK, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 2

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Seniors of the
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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All merchants wishing a change of ads. will please address Business Manager

American Tribune Printery, Newark, Ohio

The jolly season of Hallowe'en is past, and we are now looking forward to Thanksgiving Day. We hope that The Hetuck readers may enjoy their feast with a pleasure unmarred by the thought of lessons and the long interval which must pass before our next holiday.

The entertainments given by the Juniors and Seniors are generally looked upon as a great nuisance by outsiders, but, viewed from the students' standpoint, they are a strict necessity.

The expenses incurred by the Class Day program, the Commencement invitations and a memorial, laying aside the question of the annual reception, cannot be met with an empty treasury. And how is it to be filled? We are not blessed with a fairy godmother, neither has a Rockefeller or a J. P. Morgan enabled us to reject this means of obtaining the needed filthy lucre. So we must needs fall back on some means of amusing the unwilling public and beguiling from them their hard earned pennies. No doubt they are fully repaid for their trouble and the modest remuneration which we ask, and, aside from the fact that they are interested in school matters, they cer-

tainly cannot find better entertainments for the price than are given by the different classes in the High School. A great deal of energy is exercised in all these entertainments, not only by the class interested, but by the whole school, and we feel that we should receive some recognition of our efforts and hope that our next attempt will meet with well-merited success.

We are glad to note that the steady inpour of the Freshmen into the Commercial Department is decreasing and those who do enter upon that course do so with a determination to make the best of the opportunities for fitting themselves for a business career. The pupils are beginning to recognize that this course was not arranged to provide an easy means whereby they can slip through the High School without tackling Latin or Geometry, but was meant for work—and work as hard as in any department of study.

But for those who do desire to make the best of it, we consider the Commercial one of the best courses in the High School. The positions which a number of the Commercial students have already secured testify to its practical worth.

We are proud to be the first class to graduate with members from the Commercial class, and feel sure that they will convince the Board that they have no cause to regret the establishing of this department.

So many questions have been asked as to the meaning of the Indian on our cover that a word of explanation, especially to those outside of the High School, may not come amiss.

"Hetuck" is an Indian name meaning "big buck-eye," and therefore is quite appropriate for a magazine coming from the midst of the Buckeye State. Our Indian is not a rude, uncivilized red man, but represents him as the result of American influence—bearing the torch of learning in his hand. In the lower left hand corner is the class pin, designed in the class colors.

The cover is an original design by Mr. Gideon Lippincott, of the Senior class, who also designed the cover for last year's Hetuck.

A COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP

ETHOL BRILLHART, '03

"There goes Fred Bailey, ready to flunk in Latin again," said Roy Melville, as he noticed Fred go into the recitation room.

Fred Bailey, who had been sent to college against his will, was known as the "fellow who always flunks in Latin."

The teachers thought that he was bright enough if he would only get down to it. But none knew how much he did study, for he did not make friends fast and usually staid in his room or took long rambles in the woods and along the river.

Many a time had he wished that the fellows would ask him to their rooms, if only to see about a lesson, but this was not to be, as the students thought that he felt that he was better than the rest, for his father was very wealthy.

This was not the case, for he seldom received much money to spend and he knew that he had to make his own way through life, which he was willing to do, but he did not choose the profession that his father wanted him to—that of a lawyer.

At the last of the first term of the Sophomore year, the teachers gave up all hopes of his graduating, but they were to find out different.

A new student, whose name was Clarence King, entered the Sophomore class at the beginning of the second term. He took a great liking to Fred Bailey and invited him to his room. They soon became great friends, and this was the story which Fred was told by Clarence, and which was to change his whole life:

"My father was a very wealthy man, but he speculated a great deal. My sister and I at this time were going to very fashionable schools and were having a good time, as they say. We did not know the value of money and spent much and therefore had many friends, in one sense of the word.

"Our mother died when I was eighteen and my sister sixteen; father grieved over her death so much that he speculated more than ever.

"At last luck turned against him and he lost one time after another. We did not know this at first, but after he had lost almost half of his fortune he wrote to my sister first, as she always seemed to take an interest in his business. She did not tell me right away, but I noticed that she did not spend so much money, and when I asked

her concerning it, she said that she was laying it up for a rainy day.

"Our allowance was sent to us as usual, and I did not think any more concerning my sister's acts.

"About two weeks after this we received a telegram to come home at once, as our father was very sick. Not long after this he died, and just before his death he told us that there was not much left of his former fortune, but with what was left and his insurance, there would be enough to carry us through college, but not as we had been doing. He expressed a wish that we would come to this college, as he had graduated from it.

"After the will and all our money affairs had been settled, my sister and I had a talk one evening about our future. I had decided to come to this college and finish my course and expected my sister to do the same, but to my surprise she said she had decided not to go to college and finish her course then, but that she had obtained a place in the schools in the town where father wanted us to go to school, and that she would keep house for me while I finished my course.

"Although I pleaded with her to go and finish her course, she would not do it and would not even tell me her plans.

"We came here about a month ago and rented these rooms and have been having a very nice time. But as her school is having a vacation, she has gone back to our old home, but what for, I don't know. I suppose you think I am awful to let her do this, but if you knew her you would see that I could do nothing to make her change her plans.

"She always knew about father's speculations, as I told you, and it might be concerning those that she has returned to our old home, but I will soon find out, for when she left she told me that she might have something to tell me when she came back."

Just then the clock struck twelve and Fred rose to go, and as he did so he invited Clarence to come to his rooms the next evening, as his father was coming in the morning and intended to spend the evening with him.

While going to his room Fred decided that Clarence's father was the King that his father

had often mentioned in connection with a large business transaction, in which Mr. King had been ruined, the shock of which killed him.

He remembered that his father had said if Mr. King had left any children he would be glad to take up the case and get their share for them, as he was a great admirer of Mr. King and had known him when he was young, but Mr. King would not have anything to do with him after he had won Alice Crawford (Mrs. Bailey) from him.

After he reached his room he decided to explain the whole affair to his father before Clarence came in the evening and then they could talk it over.

About seven o'clock the next evening, Clarence came up to Fred's room and was greatly surprised when Mr. Bailey called him the son of an old friend. Then they explained the whole thing to Clarence, who was greatly pleased, as he thought his sister would certainly finish her course now, but he could not tell her their good fortune, for Mr. Bailey had made him promise to keep it a secret.

By the end of two weeks the two boys had become almost inseparable friends and the teachers noticed a great improvement in Fred's lessons.

One evening Clarence told Fred that his sister was coming home the next day, and that he wanted him to come over to his room, which Fred promised to do.

As the two boys were listening to Amy's account of her visit, Mr. Bailey came in without being announced, and they could tell by his looks that something fine had happened, and especially Fred, as he had never seen such a glad look on his father's face before.

After he had been introduced to Amy, he told them that he had been successful and that he had obtained more than he had expected, but that a certain young lady had also been on the same track and had received money from an entirely different source. She had discovered that all the losses of Mr. King had been caused by his enemies, and that he would be able to recover more

in a short time. As he said this he looked at Amy, who knew that she had been found out, so she told them that she had heard that her father had been ruined by false means, so she had decided to try to get part back, but did not intend to tell her brother unless she was successful, which she had been, but more so than she had expected, and that now she would finish her course as soon as they could obtain another teacher for her school.

In two years Fred and Clarence graduated with high honors, and especially Fred, who obtained the honors of the class, and is now in the same office with his father, and in the near future will be elected as one of the senators of the state.

Amy graduated the next year, and in a few months will be no longer known as Miss King, but as Mrs. Fred Bailey.

A TALE OF WOE

Sure, my friends, you've been told
Of the lassies gay and bold
Who defied the rulings old,

I've heard tell.

'Twas in the basement where they dine,
That upon the floor of pine
Many, many fragments fine

Of chestnut shell

These lassies threw in careless play,
As they whiled the time away
At the noon hour every day,

So they did.

Vainly each morn the Master spoke
Of rule thus oft and rudely broke,
But all his words went up in smoke,

Yes, they did.

At last, one day, a shivering crowd
Before locked door wailed long and loud,
And to the dust in suppliance bowed,

No longer gay.

Now, upon the floor they will
No more fragments ever spill,
Though of nuts they eat their fill

Every day.

EVERY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

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without doubt the greatest lecture on the American platform today. Second number

Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINMENT COURSE, THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 13, '02

THE LOST WAS FOUND

LAUREL O. YOUNG, '04

In a room in the dormitory of one of the splendid colleges in the west, were seated two girls, engaged in the same occupation, that of doing nothing, apparently. But they were thinking deeply, as school girls invariably do, for the chill November air without made the cheerful fire in the grate very inviting, and they had drawn their chairs up close this evening, and were thinking, as I said, their own deep thoughts. The two girls had been fast friends since their entrance to the college, three years before. Mabel Munson was tall, with dark hair and eyes, and was very impulsive, while Ida Wilson was small, with abundance of light brown hair and "eyes of a tender blue," Mabel sometimes laughingly told her. She was quiet and easy-going, and altogether as unlike Mabel as could be, but in that fact may be the secret of their strong friendship, for it is often said that people of opposite natures are attracted, more or less strongly, toward one another.

Presently Mabel roused herself from her abstraction, and noticing the thoughtful attitude of her friend, exclaimed: "A penny for your thoughts, Ida!"

Ida looked up and smiled in an absent way and answered thoughtfully, "They are worth far more than a penny to me, but since you are such a good, true friend, I will tell you briefly what I was thinking of. You know, for I have not tried to deceive you as to my financial circumstances, that I have had to practice the strictest economy in order to keep myself at school. I have had to deny myself all the luxuries which you, as the daughter of well-to-do parents, have never lacked. Nevertheless, the last three years spent in this dear, delightful old place have been the happiest of my life, and naturally, I am very loth to leave it."

"Leave it!" exclaimed Mabel. "Well, I don't think you will! Who ever heard of such a preposterous thing? What do you mean, anyway?" And the speaker subsided after this outburst, leaning forward with the appearance of the most interested attention, for she really was interested in what she was most anxious, yet dreaded, to hear from the lips of her friend.

"Well," said Ida, with a sigh, "it's just this: Unless that rich maiden aunt, whom I never heard

of, or am likely to hear of, dies soon (pardon the suggestion), and doesn't forget all about me, I am likely to have to leave school. You know I got a letter from mother today, and she said that my little sister was ill again, with the doctor's bill for her last illness still unpaid, and what is more, the man who has charge of our small farm is ill, too, and as no one can be found to take his place, that source of income is stopped for the present. Mother seems very much worried, and if matters continue thus, I suppose I must leave, unless—indeed, I have a great notion to tell you something."

"Oh, do, Ida. Is it a secret? If it is, please tell me, for I love secrets, and yours are always such interesting ones," said Mabel.

"Well," said Ida, "remember, you're taking a solemn oath not to tell anyone just yet, my dear, if I do tell you. It is nothing more or less than the fact that I have made a literary venture, and, unknown to even you, have sent my book to the publishers, and am now awaiting a big fat check, or, perish the thought! the return of my manuscript. If the check comes I can carry out my cherished plans and become a college graduate."

"I trust that you will not speak of this to anyone, for until mother's letter, I had intended keeping my own counsel, but it seemed that my heart was so full of trouble with poor little sister ill again, that I must tell someone. But now I am going to bed and trust to Providence and to the mail to bring me a letter with a big, fat check in it in the morning."

At the close of her rather lengthy recital of her troubles, there was a silence in the room for a moment and then Mabel slipped to her side and embraced her, showing in this way rather than by mere words, that she sympathized with her and longed to help her. But she knew well that it would be impossible to aid her in a pecuniary way, for as Ida herself acknowledged, they were in sore straits as to their financial affairs, but she knew that they would never accept anything from anyone which could be called charity.

After exchanging a few more words, the girls retired, and on rising next morning, each announced that she was anxiously waiting for her mail. When the mail was given out, Ida got but

one letter and that one from home to tell her that her sister was no better; if any change at all had taken place, it was for the worse. There was no word from the publisher and it seemed to her that nothing but discouragements met her on every side, and altogether there was not a very bright prospect for the troubled girl.

Mabel had several letters and told her that one was from her mother, was a dear, jolly letter, and contained part of her allowance. Ida bit her lip to show what a different effect her letter had had on her, but did not say anything of its contents until Mabel confided bright bits of her home letter to her, then she told her doleful bit of news, and exclaimed: "Oh, for a bit of the filthy lucre right this very day. I would do almost anything to get about ten dollars. Of course, I mean anything but steal."

Then Mabel said: "I just received twenty dollars from home, and I am going to ask you to do a favor for me. You know what a spendthrift I am. Well, I am going to ask you to keep this money for me, and when I want anything I shall have to ask you for the money and if you think it is an unnecessary expense, you must refuse me the money. See? Now will you do me the favor and accept the conditions?"

"Why, certainly I will, only how can you trust me," she said with a smile, "when I just said I wished I had half that amount?"

"Oh, if I thought I couldn't trust you, I never would have asked you. Since you consent, here is my purse, and as one of the girls is to meet me in about two minutes in the hall, I must leave you." Then she went out, closing the door behind her, leaving Ida alone with that which she most coveted; no, she didn't covet it, she only wished she had some just like it. Then a great temptation came to her. Since the money would only leave her hands at her own bidding, by Mabel's own plan, why couldn't she borrow a little bit from it and pay it back when the long-looked-for check came, or her mother should send her some money? But perhaps Mabel would want it before she could pay it back. What then? Well, she could say that—oh, that she thought the intended purchase was an unnecessary one. Then a still, small voice from somewhere within her, said: "Ida! Ida Wilson! Has the want of a little 'filthy lucre' that you spoke of a while ago brought you to this?

Put the temptation from you and be your own true self."

She fairly jumped and looked around the room, for it seemed as though someone had spoken aloud to her, but it was only that wee, small conscience. Then she said aloud: "Never, never will I do such a thing! How could I even think of it? Why, I'll leave this dear old college any day, rather than get to remain one day longer by dishonesty."

At these words, she rose and put the money in a little side-drawer of her writing desk, locked it, and then walked firmly down the stairs and through the corridor, feeling glad that she could look Mabel straight in the eyes with no sin of dishonesty darkening her soul.

Several days passed and as Mabel was really trying to curb that extravagant spirit of hers, very few calls were made for money. But one day a forgotten bill from the dressmaker's confronted her and she went to Ida and said in a tone, very meek and humble: "Please, ma'am, may I have six dollars to pay my dressmaker? I am sure it's a worthy cause, for maybe she will get her a new bonnet, and goodness knows she needs it badly enough!"

Ida obediently went to the drawer and put her hand in for the money; she failed to find all of it. A ten dollar bill was gone. She looked again and again and still she could not find it. What would she do? Her face took on a look of blank astonishment, and finally after a fruitless search, she was obliged to go to Mabel and tell her of the loss. Her cheeks turned to a rosier hue as she thought of her past temptation and of what she would do if Mabel should not believe her.

She was waiting for her in the hall and when Ida told her about it, she didn't speak for a moment, all the time noticing Ida's flushed face, and thinking, "What if Ida had—," but no, she wouldn't permit herself to harbor the thought. Then she turned and together they searched again with results as futile as before.

"I'm afraid you won't believe me; but I haven't the slightest idea where that money is. I can't understand it, for no one has had my keys, nor did anyone know of the money, and I am sure I never stole it." Mabel interrupted her almost rudely, and said, "Hush! How dare you mention such a thing? It has surely been mislaid somewhere and we will soon find it. Let us dismiss it from our minds."

She then left the room, but Ida threw herself on the bed and cried for a long time. She was sorry that she had ever taken such a charge upon herself. She relieved her mind somewhat by her cry, bathed her eyes and tried to read to distract her attention, which was stubborn and refused to be distracted. And at last she went to the lower hall, where several of the girls had congregated, among them Mabel, who, on Ida's arrival, seemed to envelop herself in an atmosphere of icy temperature and refused to be friendly with her. This but added to the poor girl's troubles, and she sincerely hoped no one would notice it or question it. She felt that this last was the straw which broke the camel's back. Even if the money was never found, she must repay it, and how could she ever do it?

She went to her room and wrote a long letter to her mother. Then she deliberated as to whether she should send it to her, overburdened as she already was. Yes, she must tell someone, so the letter went.

Truly, "joy cometh in the morning," for with the morning's mail came a letter from the publisher. With trembling hands she hurried to her room and opened it. A check for a larger sum than she had even dared hope for fell out. With a cry of joy, she seized it and kissed it, then read the short, business-like letter through hurriedly. In substance, it said that the story pleased them, was a bright, original tale of country life, they would be pleased to receive more from her, etc.

Her first thought was that she could pay Mabel back. And she hunted her up to tell her of the good news. They returned to their room together, good feeling somewhat restored, and after discussing the success of her literary venture, as she called it, Ida told her how glad she was to be able to return the money she had lost. Mabel had to promise to accept it, although she did so reluctantly.

"Now, I will put it in that same drawer in which I put your money, and you bearing witness to the fact, see that I do not put it somewhere before a few minutes shall have elapsed." In her excitement she gave a very strong pull to the drawer and it tumbled out. At the same time a green bank-note fell on the floor, and on picking it up she found it to be the lost bill, which had been caught in the back part somehow, and had only been loosened by taking the drawer out.

She motioned for Mabel and handed her the bill. I really ought to pass over the scene enacted in the next fifteen minutes, for they cried and laughed alternately on each other's shoulders, just like ordinary girls do. But those tears closed the breach which had sprung up between them after the loss of the money. "Can you ever forgive me, Ida, for doubting your word and honesty, but when I remembered your saying that you wished for just about the same amount that I lost, I could not help but think that even the best of people are tempted at times, but I could not bring myself to think that you would do such a thing, although there was a lurking doubt in my mind. But now I think we shall be better friends than ever, after our slight difference."

"Indeed we shall," replied Ida, and left for her class in Greek.

But before Ida went to her class, she uttered a silent prayer of thanks for winning back the friendship of the girl who had so long been her "chum," and also more especially for the strength which had enabled her to resist temptation.

PRIZE STORY CONTEST

To promote an increased interest in The Hetuck and raise the standard of the articles submitted to us, we have decided to hold a prize story contest. This contest will be open to all members of the High School, and a prize of two dollars will be awarded the person submitting to us the best original story.

All manuscripts must be in on or before Dec. 1, and the three best will be printed in the January number. Miss Moore, Miss Thomas and Prof. Childs have kindly consented to act as judges.

The following conditions must be complied with:

1. All contestants must be subscribers to The Hetuck.
2. The story shall contain not more than 1600 words, nor less than 1200.
3. The nom-de-plume of the writer must be attached to the manuscript and a sealed envelope containing his name and class must accompany it. This will not be opened until the articles have been examined.
4. All articles must be written in ink and upon one side of the paper only.

The articles may be handed to any member of the staff or placed in the local box in the hall.

We want you all to compete in this contest—Freshman as well as Senior. Even though you think you cannot win the prize, there is no harm in trying. Begin right away, and have it off your mind. Remember, this means YOU.

EARLY AMERICAN ARTISTS

BESSIE M. M'CLURE, '05

The Pilgrims and Puritans who first settled our country had many hardships to endure. The forests had to be cut down, homes built, the Indians conquered and forced into submission, and a careful watch kept lest the struggling settlements suffer from famine. These hardworked pioneers, wearied with care and anxiety, had no time to think of the fine arts.

England was almost as far behind in her art as the colonies. Charles I., the first king to introduce art in England, succeeded in getting artists from other countries to visit his own. Van Dyck, one of the artists from Holland, became the court painter and produced the portraits of the royal family.

John Smybert, who had been a house painter in Edinburgh, came to Boston, early in the eighteenth century. Later he became a portrait painter and executed the best of the earliest portraits in America. He brought to Boston a copy of Van Dyck's picture, entitled, "The Cardinal." It was placed in Harvard College, where it gave three men, Copley, Trumbull and Allston, their first ideas of how color was blended upon canvas.

Copley, the first one named, was born in Boston. He worked for awhile in America, and then went to Italy, that land famous for its art treasures. In 1776 he went to London, where he painted historic pictures and portraits. At one time he painted the portrait of an English gentleman which was complete, all but the background, at the time of the recognizing of American independence. Instead of painting the usual background, Copley painted a ship with the "Stars and Stripes" floating from her masthead. This was perhaps the first American flag hoisted in England.

In the Capitol rotunda at Washington, we have one of the best views of Trumbull's famous picture representing "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." Trumbull was not present during the memorable scene, but painted the

picture from the description of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and others who witnessed the signing of the famous document. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne and of Cornwallis, and saw Washington giving up the command of his army. These scenes he painted as he remembered them, and we can now have an idea how they took place, knowing that they were not painted from imagination, but by an eyewitness.

Allston painted more imaginative pictures than either Trumbull or Copley. His picture entitled "The Dead Man Revived," took a prize in a British institution. "St. Peter Liberated by the Angel" and "Jacob's Dream" are two of Allston's pictures which, for their time, are considered works of art.

Benjamin West lived about the same time as these artists. He was a little Quaker boy and when but seven years old astonished his parents by a wonderful picture he had drawn of his baby sister. Benjamin had not the advantages of the artists of today, for instead of good paints, he had nothing but indigo and the stains which the Indians used. The little boy must have had an inventive mind, for having no paint brushes, he supplied them with small sticks of wood and the fur from his kitten. One day a friend gave the talented boy a piece of canvas and a box of paints. For several days Benjamin worked busily upon his picture in the garret, while his unsuspecting parents supposed their son to be in school. Shortly after this the schoolmaster called, inquiring the reason of Benjamin's absence. This, of course, his parents were unable to answer. They searched for the truant and found him in the garret, working on a picture which was to them a marvel. When Benjamin West became older he went to London, where he spent the greater part of his life. He painted portraits and historical pictures, and had the honor of being made president of the Royal Academy, the great art school of London.

One of West's assistants, Gilbert Stuart, has been considered the best portrait painter of his time. The portrait of Washington which he painted is thought to be the best likeness of the "Father of His Country."

Vanderlyn, a pupil of Gilbert Stuart, was another early American artist. His early life was spent in the country in New York State, where he

worked for a blacksmith. One day Aaron Burr stopped at the blacksmith's to have his horse shod, and noticing a charcoal drawing on the door, inquired the name of the artist. Vanderlyn replied that he had drawn it. Aaron Burr thought that the boy had artistic talent, and told him if he would put a few clean clothes in his pocket he could go to New York with him. Vanderlyn accepted the invitation, and the result was he became an educated man and a noted artist. When Aaron Burr had fallen and was friendless in the United States, he went to Paris, where he had, at least one firm friend who had been his protege, but was now a renowned artist. Two of Vanderlyn's paintings may be seen in the Capitol at Washington. His picture entitled "The Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," is placed in the rotunda, while in the hall of the House of Representatives, a full length portrait of Washington is hung.

Wilson Peale was an artist who was a pupil of both Copley and West. Being a very versatile man, he learned many trades. It has been said he was the first man in America to make artificial teeth. Besides being a taxidermist, he was also an able lecturer on natural history. This knowledge assisted him in painting the birds of North America, and many of these pictures were used as illustrations for a book written by Audubon. During the revolution he entered the military service, but continued his painting. In Independence Hall many of his portraits of celebrities are exhibited.

When Wilson Peale's son, Rembrandt Peale, was but eighteen years of age, he painted a portrait of Washington. This picture was unsuccessful, but in later years he painted a creditable picture of the president from memory and by having a fine bust before him. The picture was well received and he painted several copies of it.

These are the most famous artists of Colonial and Revolutionary times. The majority of their pictures were painted not from imagination, but from scenes at which they themselves were present, while the artists of the present day, having nothing but pictures and history to guide them, often draw too much on their imaginations, and the result is that pictures are not real.

Don't forget the prize story contest.



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A COLLEGE ESCAPADE

GRACE FULTON, '06

It was one of those drowsy days in early fall when the heat of summer seems to come back, though the smell of the fall is in the air.

The study hall windows looking out on the mountain were open and gnats and other summer insects danced a farewell dance in the hazy sunshine. Miss Morton, who was keeping study hall, was deeply interested in a book, and Sally Dunbar, watching her closely, saw her nod occasionally, recover herself and look around to see if any one was observing her. Sally looked discreetly down at her book whenever Miss Morton glanced up. None of the girls could study, as laziness seemed to be in the atmosphere. Some of them were gazing out of the window, some were half asleep, and others were looking listlessly around the room, waiting for something to happen to break the monotony, but no one was willing to bestir herself enough to do anything. Or at least no one but Sally, who was never too busy or sleepy to be in mischief. The teachers all said that Sally Dunbar caused them more trouble than any other girl in school. Just now a lovely plan came into Sally's head; and she was a girl who always carried out her plans without waiting to think of the consequences. So after a careful look at Miss Morton, who was nodding like a Chinese mandarin Sally leaned over and took off her shoes, put them under her arm, walked over to the window and dropped out. In a moment there was a procession of the bolder spirits following her, walking over to the window and dropping out, with many a fearful glance at Miss Morton on their way. But she, blissfully unconscious, still read and nodded. Now there was a steady procession of noiseless girls walking over to the window; even the more timid ones joined in until, as the room gradually cleared, only the teacher was left.

Once outside, the girls put on their shoes and ran, crouching behind a hedge which grew below the window, until they were beyond the college premises. The college was built at the foot of a mountain in a little southern town, and the girls often climbed this mountain with a teacher, but they were not allowed to go by themselves.

But now they ran directly up its side and as fortune favored them, got beyond view of the college windows without being seen. The girls knew

they could get their dinner at any farm house they came to, and as there were no wild beasts on the mountain, they were safe.

Consternation ruled at the college when it was discovered that nearly the whole school had disappeared. Miss Morton did not tell the principal for quite a while, because she thought she could find the girls, and she knew Mrs. White would blame her. But at last she was compelled to report, and went to Mrs. White with the tears running down her cheeks, to tell how the whole study hall section of girls had run off while she was reading a chapter of history. But much to her relief, the principal, though she blamed her, was not very much worried about the girls.

"Nothing could happen to so large a crowd," she said; "if it were just two or three girls, I should feel very much worried, but they will come back safely this evening, I hope."

All the teachers and the rest of the pupils waited with great anxiety for evening, to see if the girls would come home, and sure enough, about six o'clock back they came, loaded with flowers, vines and berries, very tired and frightened, but still pleased with their happy day and bubbling over with exciting adventures to tell their mates. They came very near getting expelled, but as most of the school was implicated, they got off with extra lessons and no holidays.

Sally Dunbar, who took her full share of blame, was given a severe lecture upon leading others into temptation and was quite subdued for several weeks after that—perhaps because she had given her ankle a bad wrench in getting over a stone wall.

AN UNSAFE HOUSE

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs on a private house, entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice. "Mary," the lady called to the servant, "see that my jewel case is locked at once." The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice. "John," he said, take these back to the shop. It seems that the house isn't safe."

Don't forget the prize story contest.

LOCALS

Even during the first month of school several pupils have withdrawn their attendance and others have entered.

✥ ✥

Among the withdrawals we note that of Nellie Search and Bessie Smith, of the Freshman Commercial class, and Lida King and Helen Beall, of the Sophomore class.

✥ ✥

Frank Hickson has entered the Sophomore class.

✥ ✥

Herbert Shannon, of Spring Mountain, Ohio, is now taking special studies in the High School.

✥ ✥

Read about the prize story contest on another page.

✥ ✥

Many of the Freshmen have bravely attempted the course of Latin, but several have already deviated from this weary and toilsome path and are swelling the numbers of the English or Commercial classes.

✥ ✥

We see that even more of an interest than last year is being taken in golf among some of our High School friends.

✥ ✥

Miss Ethel Rex, of the Commercial class of 1904, has a position as stenographer at Miller's greenhouse.

✥ ✥

Miss Mary Harrison, a former member of the class of 1904, and Mr. Halleck Hilliard, who attended the high school about four years ago, were married October 13 at the home of the bride's parents in East Newark. The happy couple is well known and has the best wishes of their many High School friends.

Miss Carrie Allen has been quite ill at her home on North Fourth street for some time.

The Latin classes will be very glad to have her with them again and hope for her speedy recovery.

✥ ✥

Mr. Boyd, representing the Ohio State University, visited the chapel and addressed the pupils October 24th.

✥ ✥

Supt. Townsend visited the Central High School on October 21st.

✥ ✥

The Juniors have departed from the long established custom of class pins and have ordered rings. They are flying their garnet and gray ribbons around, but have started no hostile movements yet against the Seniors.

Keep up your good behavior, dear children, and you won't get into trouble.

✥ ✥

We have two collections of class pictures on the library wall. The pictures of the class of 1901 have recently been put up.

✥ ✥

We hope at least to keep warm this winter, for the High School building has just been fitted out with new radiators, which promise to be a great improvement on the old ones.

The board of education has expended about \$500 on these.

✥ ✥

The basement girls organized a cooking club last year. Now they are more interested in chestnuts than anything else, both in forming merry picnic parties to go for them and in listening to lectures in chapel on the evils of decorating the floors with the hulls.

It is said that they should organize an Eta Pi society.

GIVING COMPLETE SATISFACTION

On no other basis can a successful practice be built. On this very basis our practice is expanding each month into a larger usefulness. The patient who feels that his or her interests are made a constant study, that the work is as represented, that the price is fair and just, will pleasantly remember the office where these principals are practiced. We aim to have them practiced at our office on any and all occasions. A trial will convince you that these are facts. All work guaranteed. Examination free.

Dr. W.G. Corne, Dentist in Charge **CORNE BROS., DENTISTS,** 79 N. Third

The new books for the Teachers' Library Union for the second year will be here for distribution about the middle of November.

Supt. Townsend, the local librarian for this union, tells us that they have a four years' course of reading. The first year embraces English subjects; the second, American; the third, Greek and Roman, and the fourth, European.



Our truant officer, Mr. Jones, was never so frightened on the battlefield as he was when he tried to use the telephone the other day. Owing to some electrical phenomena acting on the wires, the instrument emitted a flash of fire into the redoubtable officer's face, causing him to think it safe to jump backward several feet.



Miss Allen has placed upon her desk an Italian cast of the Ancient Greek statue of the winged goddess, Victory. She hopes to procure more of these casts of Greek and Roman art for the benefit of the Latin classes.



The Virgil class attended a lecture on Greek and Roman Architecture, given by Prof. Colwell, of Denison University, with the aid of stereopticon views, on October 13th.



Miss Elizabeth John, of Hungary, has entered the High School.

HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

Mr. Yeardley has been invited by Mr. Ebersole to assist him with a concert in the popular Saturday evening series of entertainments. The concert is to be given by the High School Glee Club, assisted by a few High School pupils. Although the club has not yet made its appearance before the public this year, we feel sure that under the direction of Prof. Yeardley the success of the entertainment is assured. The proceeds are to go to the club and in this way a means has been provided for the employment of competent soloists to aid us in the Mendelssohn recital.

The program to be given by the club as planned by Prof. Yeardley is a very pleasing one, and we hope to see a large number of High School pupils present.

The concert will be given Saturday evening, Nov. 21, in Taylor Hall, and an admission fee of only ten cents will be charged, so don't fail to go.

ONE THANKSGIVING DAY

The old farmhouse stood dimly outlined in the gray light of the approaching day. An early winter had already set in and the season's first fall of snow covered the fields and fences with a white mantle. Even now a few stray flakes were falling. A single rooster in the barn-yard proclaimed with an important flap of his wings and in a loud voice that the sun was about to rise.

Within the house the kettle was already humming merrily, fairly bubbling over in its attempt to outdo Mrs. Preston as she sang softly to herself the time honored "Old Hundred," while she busied herself over her household duties. One could see that this was an important day, and a glance into the pantry where the rows of pumpkin and mince pies stood on the shelves, revealed the nature of the holiday.

The door opened suddenly and a whirl of snowflakes met their doom on the red-hot stove. Farmer Preston laid down an armful of wood beside the stove and held his numb hands over the cheerful fire. "Well, Sarah, I reckon we're goin' to have a middlin' fair Thanksgivin' Day after all. Them clouds in the west didn't bring such bad weather as I thought they would. I reckon this snow will remind Jim of the Thanksgivin' me and him went down to Green's Crossing and come near gettin' stuck in a drift."

"We'll never see another Thanksgivin' Day like that, I hope, pa. I remember how I sat by the window and waited for you, with the turkey settin' on the table, until nigh dark. And didn't Jim do away with them victuals when you got here—and you wasn't far behind him, either. It does my heart good to think of those days."

"I think I'll finish feedin' the horses now, mother, and then hitch up old Dan and go to the station. It's kind of early, but I'd rather miss a whole Thanksgivin' dinner, turkey and all, than be late for the train when Jim comes."

"All right, pa, and don't you forget to take the heavy robe along, for Jim will be cold after his long ride on the cars."

As Dan jogged along the level road leading to the little village, Farmer Preston fell into a deep reverie of the days when Jim, his only son, was a little boy playing about the farm. They had sent him to the village school and the lad had been fired with a desire to become a great lawyer, so six years ago he went to Albany to finish his edu-

cation. In April of this year he hung out his shingle and began his practice in the great city. Ever since he left the village he had not missed one Thanksgiving Day with his parents on the farm, and it was to meet him that Farmer Preston had started out this winter morning.

The horse, left to his own sweet will, went so slowly the whistle of the incoming train was heard as soon as they reached the station. The engine rumbled up to the platform and only one passenger alighted. But it was not the figure of Jim which met the eyes of the expectant old man, but only a little fellow about seven years old. Farmer Preston was so surprised at not seeing his son that he took little notice of the boy left alone at the station, but turned slowly around and went back to the postoffice.

"Hello, Abe," called out the postmaster, "glad you came in. Here's a letter for ye—came last night. How's Jim—comin' to spend Thanksgivin' with ye?"

"I thought he would," answered Abe, "but he wasn't on the train. Mebbe this letter's from him."

The letter did prove to be from his son, telling of a business trip which would make it impossible for him to visit them until Christmas.

As they talked it over before the glowing stove, the station master hurried in with the little boy whom Farmer Preston had seen at the station.

"Say, Si," said he to the postmaster, "what'll I do with this youngster? He says he ain't got no ma nor pa, and his uncle or somebody or other sent him out here to stay at Old Sid Elliot's farm. I reckon they didn't know Sid's folks moved away last September."

"What's your name, little feller," asked Si, "and where might you hail from?"

"My name's John Goodwin," answered the boy. "The boys call me Jack. I lived in Albany, but I don't know where I belong now," and he vainly tried to swallow the lump in his throat.

The way he looked up into the men's faces reminded Abe of another boy who looked much like this one and whom he had hoped to see today.

"Well, little feller," he said, while the others were discussing the possibilities and probabilities of the case, "I guess you might just as well come home to dinner with me. I had a big boy comin' to visit me from Albany, but he couldn't come, so you can have his share of turkey."

Jack quickly brushed his ragged little coat-sleeve over his eyes and followed Abe with a bright smile. They rode along in silence, Abe occupied with his own thought, while Jack was filled with surprise and wonder at the scene before him. They turned into the narrow lane and when Dan had been put into the barn, they went up to the old farmhouse.

After all had been explained Jack sat down to a feast such as he had never seen in all his short existence. How good the juicy turkey was, and the cranberry-sauce and potatoes! And then the pies, such as only good farmers' wives can make! In the afternoon they brought him apples and nuts to roast before the big log fire and when "Uncle Abe," as he already called Mr. Preston, went out to feed the stock, Jack followed at his heels, asking questions about everything he saw.

That night they put him to bed in the room where Jimmie used to sleep, and as Mrs. Preston bent over to kiss him good night, she thought of the many times she had sung Jimmie to sleep when he was a little boy like this one. A sudden compassion for this little lad, cast adrift in the world, filled her heart, and she felt less lonely than she had been since her own boy left her.

"Mother," said Mr. Preston, when she entered the sitting room, "don't you think we can keep him here for a little while?"

"Not for a little while, pa, but always. I think Providence must have sent him here this Thanksgiving Day to keep us from getting lonesome."

HAMLET WITH HAMLET LEFT OUT

Probably the first realization of this occurred a short time ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, of New York, were to impersonate "Hamlet" in the High School chapel.

About five or six Freshmen, four Sophomores, three Juniors and two Seniors were on hand to see the real Hamlet, but as the impersonators are very particular about having a large audience, they left Hamlet out entirely, not even exhibiting the ghost or a shadow of a ghost.

They are talking of returning some time in April, however, to give a reading of *The Merchant of Venice*, and no doubt this will be more largely attended, as the play is studied as a classic in the Junior class.

Don't forget the prize story contest.

ROUND TABLE

There are some especially good stories in the High School Recorder, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



We heard the remark made that every page in the Eugene High School News was full of good things.



We think that an exchange column added to The Knot, from Bowling Green, Ohio, would improve that paper.



The High School News, from St. Louis, Mo., has some very appropriate little designs at the heads of its various columns.



The change in the Chemawa American has been noticed, and we are glad to see the paper is improving in appearance, as well as in its contents.



We wonder whether the High School Oracle had the cover of their journal so much larger than the interior so that they might be odd, or whether they had some other purpose in view. We, however, do admire the cover.



In looking over some of our papers of last year we see that an exchange editor made the remark that the editor of exchanges of the Otterbein Aegis was a most inactive one, and we really feel that we may say that the same is true this year, if we should judge from the beginning that has been made.



The Pedestal, from Walla Walla, Washington, is simply loaded down and piled up with remarks about "The Fruit Fair," all that happened there or had any connection with it. We feel that we may rest assured to say it must have been wonderful, and we are so sorry such events do not occur nearer to us or within our reach.



So many of our exchanges have no columns for exchanges. Can it be that they, like the little girl who always put her ring away so carefully that she never found it again, have laid this missing portion of their papers away in some safe corner of their desks and failed to get it so that it might fill in its little place in a proper manner.

It is interesting to notice the difference in the papers which come to our table. Some make a special effort in a literary way. Others take up local matters which no doubt are of great interest to the institution which publishes it; and then some seem, from the things found in their paper, to take life any way but seriously.

But we believe that it can safely be said that we do not receive a single exchange which does not contain some good thoughts, which are very evident, if we just look for them.



A letter received from Galveston, Texas., asking us to send The Hetuck there, makes us feel as though our endeavors were meeting with some appreciation.



We enjoy the stories in the High School Monthly, from Bay City, Mich.

ALUMNI NOTES

'02 Martha Block, who left Newark immediately after the close of school last year, is attending Normal School at Terre Haute.

'02 Edna Goff, last year's exchange editor, is in the Auditor's office, doing index work.

'01 Florence Grove, who has been teaching school for the past year, is now attending Denison University.

'02 Alice Gray is in Dr. Davis' office.

'02 Martha Wilson is doing contingent work in Miss Bertha Dille's room.

'02 Mabel Miller left two weeks ago for Cincinnati to enter the Conservatory of Music at that place.

'02 Grace Chalfant has accepted a position with Clouse and Schauweker.

'02 Lizzie Yanz is now with Meyer & Lindorf.

'02. The wedding bells of Miss Maude Siler and Mr. Ganshaw took place at the home of the bride last week. The best wishes of the class are extended.

'02. Stella Howard spent a few days in Mt. Vernon last week.

'01. Florence Parrish returned from her European trip last month, and is now visiting in Boston.

'01. Garfield Hughes is attending Bliss Business College, in Columbus.

REALIZING HISTORY

II

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

It is Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock, when we leave Naples, bound for Egypt, by a steamer of the Italian Line. The voyage is to last till Sunday morning. We keep close to the shore for a day or two. If you look on the map of Italy and vicinity, you can see our route. We pass the Lipari Islands, and the active volcano of Stromboli; then thread the Straits of Messina, where are the town of that name and the famous rocks, Sylla and Charibdis, in whose clutches the old Greek and Latin poets used to get their heroes, when they seemed ready for trouble. Mount Aetna is seen at a distance, and then we turn our course to the broad waters of the Mediterranean. We view the vine-clad shores of Crete, the island where Theseus slew the Minotaur in the Labyrinth.

Sunday morning we espy a modern lighthouse, at the entrance of the spacious harbor of Alexandria, but behold it with special interest, for it is on the site of the first marine beacon ever erected, on the peninsula of Pharos. The scene before us is a curious mingling of the old and the new. Modern ships from all lands are anchored in the roadstead, but the domes and minarets of mosques show that we are in the realm of Islam. The boatmen that throng about the ship, voicing solicitations for our patronage in strange appeals, are oddly different in features and costumes from those of their ilk we have encountered previously. On our way to the Hotel Abbat, we come upon a magnificent square, the Place Mehemet Ali, containing his statue, encompassed by splendid modern buildings. We recall that twenty years ago the English bombarded Alexandria, destroying all the edifices about this square; hence the newness of the architecture is explicable. This square marks the boundary between the Arabic and the European quarters.

Two famous obelisks, known as "Cleopatra's Needles," used to stand near the port of Alexandria. One of them is now erect on the Victoria Embankment, at London, while the other may be seen in Central Park, in our own New York. We devote the afternoon to the inspection of the special objects of interest, which include Pompey's Pillar, 114 high, erected 296 A. D., in honor of the Roman emperor, Diocletian, up which

Napoleon climbed by a rope in 1798; the Catacombs, anciently used as a cemetery; the Mahmudieh Canal, and the fine promenade on its northern bank; and the Bazaars, on Strada Franca, where the shopkeepers sit tranquilly cross-legged, waiting for custom.

But it is the ancient Alexandria, now wholly disappeared, that commands our thoughts. Alexander the Great founded seventy cities, of which this became the greatest, about 300 years before Christ. When he died, one of his generals, named Ptolemy, assumed control of the city and all Egypt. His successors had the same family name, and one of them was the beautiful Cleopatra, who fascinated Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony. Of course, these Ptolemies were not of Egyptian blood, but Grecian. They made their capital the most imposing city on earth for one while. It contained an avenue several miles long, extending from the port, 2000 feet wide, lined with the most sumptuous of palaces. This avenue was intersected by another of the same width, at right angles, the juncture forming a square a mile and a half in circumference. Think of such stupendous main streets, and such a vast public square! All the fine palaces and temples of that day have perished, mainly by fire when Amron, the Mohammedan, captured the city in 640, but many of the priceless columns and marble blocks found their way in the course of centuries to Italian cities, where they may yet be seen, embellishing public buildings. The palace of the Ptolemies occupied a quarter of the city's dimensions. The possession of the city that gave it the most fame in those days was the library, containing 700,000 parchment volumes, the whole budget of ancient literature, destroyed by the Mohammedan conqueror, because forsooth the Koran contained all that was essential! Could that priceless collection have been spared, how much light it would have shed for us on the thought of the remote past. Around this library gathered professors and students, forming an assemblage similar to our universities, and one of the works of the faculty which has survived is the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, made by seventy men learned in Hebrew, in the year 277 B. C., for the benefit of the many Jews then living in Alexandria. The translation was

in Greek, and it has served as a basis for all subsequent renderings. In 62 A. D., Saint Mark, the Evangelist, came hither as a missionary, and established congregations of the Christian Church. After Alexandria passed into infidel hands, the bones of the apostle, or at least those treasured as his, were taken to Venice for safe keeping, and hence arose the gorgeous Basilica of Saint Mark in the Italian city, as a grand repository for them. Then later there lived at Alexandria the great Saint Augustine, the learned teacher of theology, and his mother, Saint Monica. In the prime of its magnificence the city had 4000 palaces, 4000 public baths (of costly marbles), and 400 theatres. Not a remnant of all this wealth of architecture remains save poor old Pompey's Pillar. Yet modern Alexandria is a flourishing commercial city, thanks to Mehemet Ali, of whom we shall learn more when we get to Cairo. He was a wide-awake khedive, indeed, and lived in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Not far from the city is a little village named Rosetta, and here was found the small black slab now guarded in the British Museum, a hundred years ago, that gave a clue to the meaning of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, on account of its bearing a fragment of a decree in those characters with a Greek translation underneath. One of the greatest triumphs of scholarship was the recovery of the lost language of ancient Egypt through the interpretation of this slight suggestion. At Aboukir, 13 miles distant, was fought in 1798 the Battle of the Nile, between the ships of the British Lord Nelson and the French fleet.

But naturally we long to reach Cairo and see for ourselves the life of a city wholly Oriental. So a railway ride of three and a half hours is taken, and we are there. Our new experiences will form the subject of the ensuing paper of my series.

INSULTED A CALF

A London exquisite went into a West End restaurant, says an exchange, and was far from pleased with the manner in which his order was filled. "Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British empire." The waiter hung his head, but recovered himself and said, in a tone of respectful apology, "I really didn't intend to insult you, sir."

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

A. RAY EVANS, '03

One can scarcely take up a magazine and look through the advertisements without being struck with the number of schools offering to teach various studies by mail. The commercial branches (arithmetic, penmanship, book-keeping, short hand, etc.), seem by far the more widely advertised, by the larger number of institutions offering the branches named.

A correspondence school is undoubtedly a most excellent organization, and there is not the shadow of a doubt that they are doing a noble work throughout the land, for where the mails go, there go correspondence courses.

The wide range of studies which the different schools, institutes and colleges teach is apparent from the source above stated. On one page of a magazine there are found advertisements of a school in illustrating, caricaturing, lettering, designing, etc. Another for studying law at home, preparatory to a college course, post graduate and business courses. Yet another for fitting persons for government service—postoffice, mail train clerks, and many other branches necessary to carry on Uncle Sam's business. And then you can be a proof-reader—a genteel, uncrowded profession paying from \$15 to \$30 per week. Then there is an offering to prepare persons for trained nurse services.

Large schools like in the International Correspondence School offer a course in nearly everything from a Foreman Blacksmith to a Mechanical Engineer; from a Wireman to a Telephone Engineer, in all some forty-seven branches. There are scattered throughout a magazine advertisements for mail courses, enough material to keep an individual busy eight hours per day for three hundred and ten days, for perhaps fifteen years, and then not finish all satisfactorily. The number of years may not be large enough, but it will serve to illustrate the uselessness of attempting to learn everything, which brings to mind the Biblical truth, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark, 8:36). Leaving that point of view, it must be repeated that the schools are certainly doing a great deal of good. Now, for instance, take a young man, "a stranger in a strange land," and give him work to do during the day. He cannot but per-

ceive that he could do much better with a little more education and technical training. But his early training was neglected, or he did not have the advantages of others. He would naturally be timid about showing his weak points to others, so, rather than attend a night school, he stays at home or goes on the street for amusement.

So evening after evening is frittered away and nothing is accomplished. While if he becomes interested in some way in a course in a school above described, he would have an occupation for evenings as well as for days; and study could not fail to broaden his mind and if the study was pursued for a pecuniary reason, the reward will be sure.

From the above one might naturally think we had no use for schools. But, no; far from it. I truly believe that nothing equals personal instruction. That no matter how well a subject be treated, a teacher is reasonably expected to know a little more than the matter of which the text book treats, about certain points, especially, that are obtuse to the student.

Teachers will surely support this statement: That even though a person does not complete his school course, it is his duty to himself and society to do an equivalent amount of study, whether it is done at night school or at home is immaterial.

The question of expense could easily be raised. Some correspondence schools are rather expensive. Necessarily so, of course. The old maxim, "Where there's a will, there's a way," certainly applies to this. There seems to be a variety of opinions in regard to the utility of correspondence schools, some claiming that the schools are all in the advertisement. There are others saying they are impracticable, because the student would not concentrate his mind on studies at home. Be that as it may, the schools seem to have a wonderful success.

Night schools were mentioned. The night school of which I have heard does not seem to be quite so active as formerly. But Y. M. C. A.'s in every town of any size are starting night classes in the different branches for employed men. This is a most excellent opportunity for one who sees wherein he could advance himself.

The two schools combined, correspondence and night classes, are doing a work that will finally uplift and (pardon the expression) "make over" young and middle-aged men and women."

THE POWERS LECTURE

We are glad to record that the Powers lecture, given for the benefit of the library fund, was a great success.

There was a large audience to greet the lecturer at both afternoon and evening performances, and all who attended felt amply repaid.

"How the other half lives" is always an interesting subject, and the able handling by Mr. Powers, together with the stereopticon views, which were unusually good, gave it added interest.

As a result of the lecture, the Library fund is increased over a hundred dollars, which we are sure will be wisely and judiciously expended.

IT IS RUMORED

That Raymond Pryor belongs to a football team.
That the books often fall off the chairs in room No. 3.

That Musa likes Homer better than Virgil.

That all things look Bright to Russell.

That Bertha P. likes to sit on Ethel's front porch.

That Earle A. has found someone charming Prior to this time.

That she of the strong arm can gather in the boys to suit her (Suter).

That Harvey says that he goes to church on Sunday evenings. It must be an East Newark church, for he certainly goes in that direction.

HONORS FOR MALCOLM

The dignities that confront the elder brother are often appalling to the small sister, and there is a little girl in Columbus, Ohio, who has been giving the subject much careful attention as the Dispatch bears witness. She electrified the family one morning by announcing:

"Next year Malcolm will be a lawn mower. I wonder why they call him that?"

"A lawn mower!" echoed the astonished mother. "What do you mean?"

"That is what you told me," replied the little girl, gravely. This year he was a freshman. Next year he'll be a lawn mower and then a janitor, and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."

"Come into my cellar," said the Table Salt to the Rock Salt, "if you want to see something fine."

Don't forget the prize story contest.

A LITTLE NONSENSE

The telephone girl is governed by the ring rule.

High water doesn't necessarily raise the price of milk.

These north and south pole searchers are going to extremes.

Why is a dirty boy like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

The usual board of arbitration between a bad boy and his father is a shingle.

It would naturally be supposed that a nose is broken when it hasn't got a cent.

The man who sinks an oil well doesn't object to running his business into the ground.

Money is probably spoken of as "cold cash" because it gives so many people a chill to part with it.

No matter what language the Boers speak, it is evident that they can butcher the King's English.

Physicians say there is no cure for the smoking habit; that even after death many continue to smoke.

Fashion Note.—Trousers will be worn longer in October than in September. But not much. Only one day.

"Oh, mother!" cried little Bob one day, "when you stroke pussy's fur this way, you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down, you can hear her trolley!"

HAD HIS SMOKE

Ham—Hello, there, Egg! where have you been since last summer?

Egg—Oh, my doctor said if I wanted to stand it until spring I'd have to have a colder climate, so I've been in cold storage. But where have you been?

Ham—Well, my doctor told me to tone up, so I took a salt bath every day for a long time, and I felt so much better that I had my regular smoke every day. Lately, though, the cook has been rather sharp with me, and I feel quite cut up over it.

Don't forget the prize story contest.

A WATERED COMPOSITION

What one schoolboy knew about water is told in a composition printed in a school journal:

"Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horse-radish, when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, holy water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood."

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